



General Winfield Scott.

PROBABLY most of you have read, or heard something about the last war between the United States and England, and a great deal about the war between the United States and Mexico, and have, most likely, read or heard of such men as Macomb, Jackson, Taylor, and Scott, who were generals in one or both of those wars. Well, the last man mentioned, (Scott) is the general whose portrait you see at the top of this page. He is one who was distinguished as one of the best generals of America, in both the last war with England, and the war with Mexico. We have not room to give you a very particular account of him, but we will try and tell you enough, so that you will, at least, know who he is.

Of the early years of General Scott, very little is known. He was born near

Petersburg, Virginia, on the 13th of June 1786. He passed one or two years in the college of William and Mary, and studied law, we believe, with the expectation of becoming a lawyer, and had he become one, he would undoubtedly have been one of the best in the country, as he is now the best general; but he chose to act as a defender of his country in war, and thus he became a military man. He received his first commission, as a captain of light artillery, in the army, from Thomas Jefferson, the immortal author of the Declaration of Independence, who was then (May 1808) President of the United States. During the war which followed in 1812, he distinguished himself above every other officer, along the north-western borders of our country, by his great skill, and by many deeds of gallantry in the various

battles in which he was engaged, among which were, the battle of Queenston, on the 13th of October 1812, in which the Americans were beaten (though not without a severe struggle;) the capture of Fort George, at the mouth of Niagara River, May 27th 1813; the battle of Chippewa, on the 5th of July, and the battle of Niagara or Lundy's Lane, on the 25th of July, of the same year. The last two were among the bloodiest battles of the war. At the battle of Chippewa, the Americans were victorious; at the battle of Lundy's Lane, both sides claimed the victory; but disputes about, or trials for victory, were happily brought to a close, soon after, by the close of the war, in 1815. From that time to the present, the United States and England have been at peace, and most sincerely do we hope they will ever remain so; for, though separated by a broad ocean, they are, in language and aspirations, as they should be in love and good will, one people.

During the years of peace that followed that war, the services of General Scott, though not often the same in kind, were yet, perhaps, quite as useful, and he was ever regarded with the highest honors by his admiring countrymen.

In 1846 commenced the war between the United States and Mexico, and in the month of November, of that year, Scott, under orders from the government, repaired to Mexico for the purpose of taking command of the forces which were operating along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

In this campaign, he, after an obstinate defense of nineteen days on the part of the Mexicans, captured, on the 26th of March, 1847, the city of Vera Cruz. Continuing his march toward the capital of

Mexico, he beat the Mexicans again, in the celebrated battle of Cerro Gordo, which was fought on the 18th of April, 1847. Next were fought, on the 20th of April, the battles of Contreras and Churubusco; then the battle of Chapultepec; and, on the 13th of May, the city of Mexico was taken, which closed, so far as active war is concerned, the military career of General Scott, in Mexico; the whole of which career signalized him as one of the greatest generals of the age.

If generals and conquerors were of no other use to the world than to gain great victories, and to make themselves, or their country, even, famous for military achievements, then would they be the most worthless of men; nay, more than that when we consider the amount of innocent blood shed by them, and the misery they bring to thousands of poor and helpless families, they must appear to be among the most abominable of human curses, who, so far from deserving our love or esteem, are only worthy of being despised and condemned by all good people. No matter how gay may be the dress they wear; no matter how beautifully their plumes may wave; or how brightly their armor may flash in the rays of the sun; or how sweet the music may be which follows them on; or with what masterly precision and effect they may guide and govern the marches and wheelings of their vast files and squadrons of soldiery; depend upon it, little friends, that, provided they have no higher object than simply to fight and conquer, they are contemptible, and their deeds are only to be hated. But General Scott, we have reason to believe, was actuated by far higher and nobler motives than that merely of gaining military glory.

Little Elsie and her Companions.

"**D**EAR me! I do wish I had more agreeable companions," said Elsie Beeman, one day, as she turned, in a pet, and left her playmates to look out for themselves, as they best could.

Elsie Beeman was far from being the worst of girls; in truth, when she had a mind, she could be as good as need be; yet she was too apt to get dissatisfied, and out of patience, with the merest trifles, even when she had great reason to be well pleased with all around her. To not suppose she really meant to be so discontented, for, at heart, she possessed many noble qualities. Perhaps she did not realize that she made such repulsive exhibitions of character as she was in the habit of doing. However this may have been, she was, at times, exceedingly displeasing in her behavior; so much so that the companions to whom she was most attached were glad to escape from her company. Her mother had tried many ways to break her of such unamiable displays, and sometimes there would be a visible improvement in Elsie's conduct, though, generally, it was of short duration.

It was at the close of one of these fair-weather spells, and a longer one than usual, that the above exclamation of Elsie's was made. She had got out of patience with her play-things, out of patience with her companions, and almost out of patience with herself, and was hastening away to a bye-place, in a fit of the sulks.

"I do wish I had companions with whom I could be pleased!" said she; and the ungrateful thought kept working itself

about in all shapes of ill-nature, while her fingers were busying themselves rumpling up the dozen or so of posies which they had snatched up as she went along.

"Dear me!"—"I wish!"—"I don't care!" and a multitude more of the like expressions broke, every now and then, in snappish ejaculations, from her lips, telling, plainly enough, that her mind was not all sunshine.

At last she seated herself under the shade of a beautiful grove, just newly leaved, (for it was a bright morning in May,) and as pretty a spot, too, it was, as you would wish to be in. The nestling branches, and the sunlight peering through them, seemed to vie with each other in their struggling endeavors to mottle the green earth with the prettiest figures of gold, or of shadow-work; and the full-throated robin, and the sweet-voiced thrush, and the chipping-bird, and sparrow, gave utterance to their joy, in notes as brilliant as the light in which they revealed; and a little brook, which tinkled past her, and close at her feet, seemed most sweetly and encouragingly to say, as it danced along, "Come, Elsie, come! cheer up, cheer up! there is enough to make you happy, if you will only think so. Brighten up! brighten up!" Ah! it was so strange, that she could be unhappy in such a place; but her heart was so clogged with ill-nature, that neither the rustling grove, nor the shadows struggling with the light, nor the singing of the birds, no, nor even the coaxing, silvery voice of the brook, were enough to entice her thoughts back again to satisfaction and cheerful-

ness; but there she sat, pouting away in as sullen disappointment as though she was as far from the pleasant and cheering place she was in as that was from the freezing snows of Greenland. A small cascade, which hymned away its shady hours but a short distance from where she was, finally riveted her attention, until she became gradually insensible to all else, and began to see, or thought she began to see, strange forms shaping themselves indistinctly around it, and, as her thoughts became more and more absorbed, the forms became more distinct, and, in truth, more ugly.

"What can they be?" thought she. She was sure she had never seen the like before, and she began to feel a little uneasy, and would have been glad to get back again to the sports and play-mates she had so naughtily left; but she found herself unable to stir, and compelled, as it were, to look upon her unwelcome visitors, who seemed to take a wonderful delight in exhibiting themselves in the ugliest shapes possible, all the while performing the most uncouth antics, and twisting their faces into all sorts of unsightly grimaces and grins. Ah! they were any thing but a pleasant set of imps, you may be sure, and Elsie began to think she would rather be anywhere than in their midst.

After a while, and somewhat to her relief, they began to range themselves into a little more regularity of grouping; but it was a short-lived relief, for soon, to her great dismay, they began to waddle up toward her with a sort of make-believe deference.

"Ha! ha! here we come! What will you have now, little missee?" cried they, in tones which fairly made Elsie shudder:

and they made a very low bow, any thing but a graceful, or a pleasing one, however.

Elsie sat and trembled for a while, terror-stricken enough; but as they showed no disposition to harm her, in any way, she at last took courage to address them.

"Who are you?" said she, tremblingly and hesitatingly.

"Why don't you know us?" said they, putting on an air of mock gravity.

"Who are you?" said she again, in tremulous excitement.

"Why don't you know us?" answered they, once more, strutting up most provokingly in front of her.

"No I do n't! How should I! I never saw the like of you before, and hope I never may again!" returned she, getting a little angry, in her suspense.

And here they all burst into a hideous laugh, capering about and ha-ha-ing till it seemed as though they would go into fits, if, with such wretched beings fits were possible.

"Do tell me who, or what you are!" said she, once more, imploringly.

"We are your companions," returned the spokesman of the party, "and right glad we are to see you, too, after so long a separation.

Elsie almost groaned in despair, for the possibility, even, that such frights could be intended as companions for her, was almost enough to distract her.

"Come, go along with us," said one of them, offering to take her hand.

"Go away! go away!" shrieked she, "do n't touch me! O dear! your hand is so hot. Do n't touch me, do n't!"

"Why pity on us! what a fuss," said her uncouth suitor, "and all after we have spent so many long hours together."

"I tell you I do n't know you," said Elsie, getting angry once more: "I never saw you in my life, before."

"A pretty story, indeed, and old companions, as we are, too," said the imp, derisively.

"I tell you I never saw you!"

"Look at us sharply, and see. Perhaps if we should tell you our names, you would remember us, for you have often left all other companions, and all other attractions, to be company with us; and nice times we have had together, too."

"What are your names?" asked Elsie, once more, hoping, this time, to get released from her suspense.

"My name is Envy," answered one.

"Mine is Distrust," said another.

"Mine is Jealousy," spoke the third.

"Mine is Discontent," muttered the fourth.

"And my name is Anger," snapped out the fifth.

And thus they went on, through a whole catalogue of names, and quite familiar, they sounded, too, to Elsie's ear, yet she never thought of attaching them to such horrid shapes.

"And you are my companions?" said she, getting a little calmed down.

"Indeed we are, and hope to be so for many a future hour. But why are you so shy of us. Come let us take a trot down here," said one of them, pointing to what had now become a fearful and black abyss.

At this, Elsie thought that, sure enough, it was all over with her, and she was just at the point of fainting, when she awoke; for you must know that this frightful vision had appeared to her only in the midst of an ill-natured dream; but, as I said, here she awoke, and glad enough

that, thus, she was ridded of her shadowy tormentors, and that she was still safe, and in the land of the living. Yet, a dream though it was, she felt, nevertheless, that there was far too much reality in it. She felt that it was but a picture of her own wicked passions, which, in truth, she had, too often, chosen as her companions; but she determined that, for the future, they should have no reason for claiming her as one of their associates.

Now, her mind became relieved, and a dark weight unburdened itself from her spirit, and she became cheerful in her resolution to have done, forever, with such companions; and now, too, she could understand the murmurings of the brook: and every thing looked so much pleasanter than before she fell asleep, that she felt doubly encouraged to perseverance in the course she had resolved upon. And most bravely did she bear up through many a dark struggle which her spirit had, with her would-be companions, for they were by no means willing to lose her without at least an effort to retain her to themselves. Often did she feel that her power to resist them was almost gone, but, by constancy in her endeavors, she finally became the victor, and was ever thankful that her wicked passions were so incautious as to exhibit themselves to her thus, in their real and most abominable shapes.

VIRTUE in youth, is the safest insurance for a long life, and happy old age! Beware then, my youthful friends, of your every thought, word and deed; of the habits you form, of the principles you fix, while in this eventful period of life.



Mandan Chief.

THERE is a picture for you, little folks: spears, horns, feathers, and all; and what a strange looking animal it makes, does it not? One would think it was just ready to fly away, and if you were to see the real being it is made to represent, you would almost wish he would fly, run, or get away, somehow or other, he looks so frightful. I presume you would all guess what it is a picture of, at first sight, for what could it be but a picture of an Indian chief, as it is. Yes, it is the likeness of a Mandan Chief whose name was *Mato-Tope*, and is taken from a book called Schoolcraft's American Indians, published by Geo. H. Derby & Co., of this city, which they have permitted us to use, for the special entertainment of the little folks who read the Casket.

The Mandans are a tribe of Indians living west of the Mississippi River. We select from Graham's Magazine the following description of a chief of that tribe:

"It is remarkable," says the writer, "that the men, among the Indian tribes, are far more vain than the women." Among the Mandans, particularly, great attention was always paid to dress. When they are full dressed, they put a variety of feathers in the hair, frequently a semicircle of feathers of birds of prey, like radii or sunbeams, or a bunch of the feathers of the raven. Sometimes they have a thick bunch of owl's feathers, or small rosettes, made of broad raven's feathers cut short. These feathers are frequently determined according to the bands to which they belong. Sometimes they wear a cap with horns, (as in the portrait,) consisting of stripes of white ermine, with pieces of red cloth hanging down the back, to which is at-

tached an upright row of black and white eagle feathers, beginning at the head, and reaching the whole length. Only distinguished warriors, who have performed many exploits, wear this head-dress. Very celebrated and eminent warriors, when highly decorated, wear signals of their heroic deeds in their hair. Thus *Mato-Tope*, represented in the engraving, had fastened, transversely in his hair, a wooden knife, painted red, because he had killed a *chief* of another tribe in battle. The staff carried by them represents their exploits as well in gallantry as in battle, the number of rings often denoting the number of female hearts slain by their manly beauty.

A warrior, in adorning, takes more time for his toilet than the most elegant Parisian belle. Their faces are often painted in various colors, according to the taste or caprice of the Indian dandy. They have a singular mode of displaying their influence over the hearts of the young women of their tribe, endeavoring to gain credit by a variety of triumphs; they mark the number of conquered beauties by bundles of peeled oak twigs, painted at the tips. These twigs are always carried by the Indian dandy in his courting excursions."

The Indians are fast disappearing from the land. Their hunting grounds are constantly narrowing down, as the enterprising white man crowds upon their borders. Once, as you know, the whole country was occupied by the Indians alone, but, in the providence of God, a people has taken their places who, by the influence of Christianity, are to banish, we trust, all modes of barbarism from these widespread and fertile regions.

The Loquacious Boy.

ON a fine summer's day, Mr. Wilson and his wife rode out to visit Saratoga Lake, taking with them their two children, a boy and girl, of the ages of eight and ten.

It was a lovely afternoon, and they went in an open carriage, drawn by a beautiful pair of spirited horses.

The little boy was one of those talkative fellows, whose tongues seem to be constantly in motion.

He rattled away with it so fast that it was almost impossible for any other person to get a word in between his sentences.

At length he became very impatient to seize hold of the reins. "Do let me drive for you."

"No, my son," said his father; "the horses are full of spirit, and you can't hold them."

"I can! I can! father," the boy replied. "Oh, I know I can hold them. Do let me try, father, do." And he kept on this strain, rattling away, as though there had been no other tongue but his own.

"Do you really think that you can hold the horses, Peter?" inquired his mother.

"O yes, I know I can."

"Well," replied his father, "I know something you can't hold."

"What is it? What is it? I can hold it, I know I can. What is it?"

"It is a little thing, Peter, fenced in with two ivory walls; but I know you can't hold it."

"Why, what can it be? I can hold a horse. I've done it many a time. What is it? a rabbit, or a squirrel, or a bird?"

"None of these, my son. It is something you can catch if you try. But I know you can't hold it. It keeps going like the clapper of a mill, grinding away all

the time, but it don't grind out much but bran, which the wind carries away."

"Do tell me what it is. I believe I can hold it."

"Will you try, Peter, if I will tell you?"

"Yes, sir, yes, I will, I will."

"It's your tongue, Peter, it's your tongue," cried his sister, a sprightly little girl; I know you can't hold that."

Peter was silent for at least ten minutes.

I have seen a great many Peters, and Julias, and Johns, and Marys, in my day, who could not hold their tongues.

They open their mouths, and set their tongues agoing as though the object was to see how many words could be ground out in a given time, without regard to the quantity, sense or nonsense.

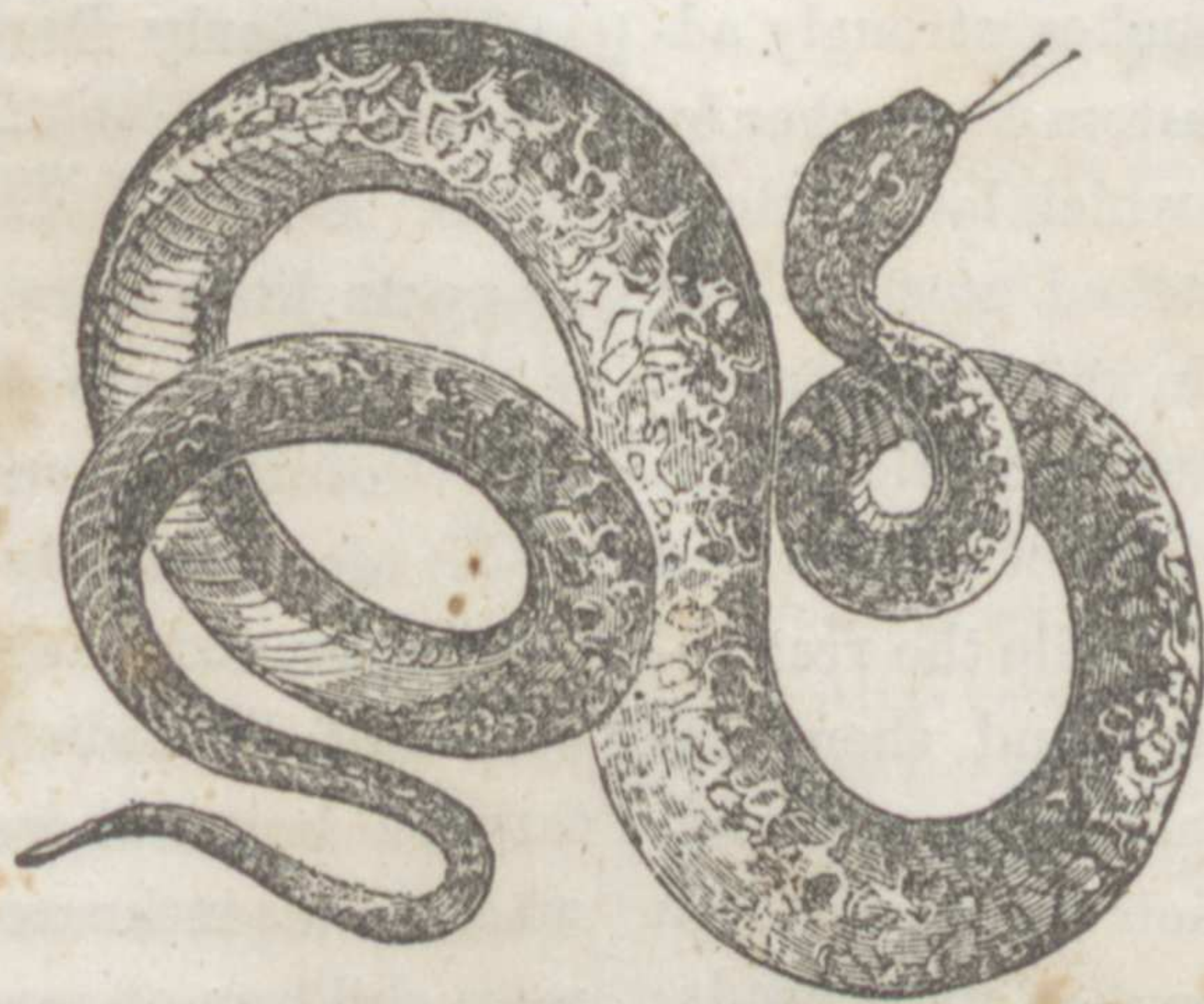
A tongue trained up in this way will never be governed, and must become a source of great mischief.

It is a good practice to accustom yourself to consider before you speak, whether what you are going to speak is worth speaking, or whether it can possibly do any mischief.

It is not worth while to wear out the tongue, talking nonsense. It gives it the habit of talking at random, without regard to consequences, and often leads to the utterance of what is not strictly true.

If you indulge in the habit, your tongue will run too easy, and your conversation will become silly and insipid, and you will become very liable to become a mischievous tale-bearer. Learn then, as one of the first principles of self-government, to HOLD YOUR TONGUE.—*Selected.*

NEVER open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter also.



Battle between two Snakes.

PERHAPS our readers will not thank us for pressing upon their attention such "horrid looking pictures" (as some of them will call it,) as the one just above. But look at it again: what is there so very horrible about it. We think it is quite beautiful. In truth we never had such a dreadful spite against the poor snakes as some feel. But we shall have more to say of this at another time; at present, we will give you a very curious story, about two snakes, which we lately came across. The writer says:

"As I was one day sitting in my arbor, my attention was engaged by a strange sort of rustling noise at some paces distant. I looked around, and, to my astonishment, I beheld two snakes, of considerable length, the one pursuing the other with great celerity through a hemp stubble-field. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long; the fugitive was a water-snake, nearly of equal dimensions. They soon met, and, in the fury of their first encounter, they appeared in an instant firmly twisted together; and, while their united tails beat the ground, they tried with open jaws to lacerate each other. What a fell aspect

did they present! Their heads were compressed to a very small size; their eyes flashed fire; and, after this conflict had lasted about five minutes, the second found means to disengage itself from the first and hurried toward a ditch. Its antagonist instantly assumed a new posture, and, half creeping and half erect, with a majestic mien, overtook and attacked the other again, which placed itself in the same attitude, and prepared to resist. The scene was uncommon and beautiful; for, thus opposed, they fought with their jaws, biting each other with the utmost rage; but notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage and fury, the water-snake seemed desirous of retreating toward the ditch to its natural element. This was no sooner perceived by the keen-eyed black one, than, twisting its tail twice round a stalk of hemp, and seizing its adversary by the throat, not by means of its jaws but by twisting its own neck twice round that of the water-snake, it pulled the latter back from the ditch. To prevent a defeat, the water-snake took hold likewise of a stalk on the bank, and by the acquisition of that point of resistance, became a match for his fierce antagonist. Strange was this

to behold; two great snakes, strongly adhering to the ground, fastened together by means of the writhings which lashed them to each other, and stretched at their full length! They pulled, in vain; and, in the moments of their greatest exertion, that part of their bodies which was entwined seemed extremely small, while the rest appeared inflated, and now and then convulsed with strong undulations rapidly following each other. Their eyes seemed on fire, and ready to start out of their heads; at one time the conflict seemed decided; the water-snake bent itself into two great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched. The next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority; it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary in proportion as it had contracted its own. These efforts were alternate; victory seemed doubtful, inclining sometimes to the one side, and sometimes to the other; until, at last, the stalk, to which the black snake was fastened, suddenly gave way; and, in consequence of this accident, they both plunged into the ditch. The water did not extinguish their vindictive rage; for, by their agitations, I could trace, though not distinguish, their mutual attacks. They soon re-appeared on the surface, twisted together as on their first onset; but the black snake seemed to retain its wonted superiority, for its head was exactly fixed above that of the other, which he incessantly pressed down under the water, until it was stifled, and sunk. The victor no sooner perceived its enemy incapable of further resistance, than, abandoning it to the current, it returned on shore and disappeared."

Early Remembrances.

BY MRS. J. M. S.

THE little story, children, I promised to relate to you, in the last number of the CASKET, is the first incident in my life, which I can remember, that taught me the great wickedness of disobedience. Not far from my father's house there lived a family with whom I was intimately acquainted. There were children of my own age, and among them was one who, though some younger than the rest of us, used to join with us in our plays, and was usually a very good boy; but, sometimes, he annoyed us by little wayward, roguish acts, which every child is liable to do. I suppose, children, you all know what it is to feel mischievous, and I am afraid some of you at times desire to have your own way about something which your parents have forbidden you. Now this is very wrong, and such a feeling should not be indulged in a moment, for it may result in something very bad, as it did in the instance which I am going to tell you about.

It was a warm, pleasant day in the early spring, when the birds and flowers begin to gladden the earth by their beautiful appearance, and little Charlie begged of his mamma the privilege of going to the river to bathe: he had seen the older boys, and was sure he could swim as well as they. His mother, however, forbade it, as any careful parent would have done, which was a great disappointment to her boy; but parents always know what is best for their children. Now if he had gone away to play and thought no more about it, he would have saved his friends a great deal of pain on his account. But instead of

doing this, he sat sullenly down for a few moments, and then wandered slowly away to the forbidden place. Two or three hours passed away before his absence was discovered, and then every spot was searched in hopes of finding him: his parents little thinking that Charlie had been, for the first time in his life, disobedient. At last it occurred to the mind of his mother, that perhaps he had gone to the river; and immediately she ran through a small piece of wood-land to the river's bank, and there to her heart-rending view lay the little hat and clothes of her boy. Loudly she called his name for she could not think her dear child was drowned. But no answer came to her listening ear, save the echo of her voice as it resounded through the wood. Many means were made use of to find the body. They at last succeeded, and though it was much bruised and mangled, yet the parents recognized their dear child. Many, many, tears were shed on that sorrowful occasion. He was buried in the church-yard, and a stone was placed at his head, but the manner of his death always remained a source of grief to the almost heart-broken mother. This little incident has ever remained in my mind; as the impressions made by it, are indelible. And though years have elapsed since I looked at that river, yet I never think about it, without thinking at once of the little boy that was drowned: and I presume, were I ever to behold it again, that scene would immediately present itself to mind. Now do, dear children, endeavor ever to be obedient to your parents, who are so kind to you. If you should feel inclined to act contrary to their wishes, think at once what the result may be, and of the story I have told you, about the disobedient little boy.

The Four Graves.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A CHILD.

On yonder gentle hill, that looks
Upon the restless town,
As if it loved the busy scene
And sent its blessings down, —
Four mossy graves, like heaving waves
Arise before the view;
They tell how my beloved ones died
As I will tell to you.

Before my eyes beheld the light
Two little sisters died,
Of whom my Mother often spoke
Until aloud I cried;
My youngling brother next was called —
One sweet and starry even
He sat upon my Mother's lap
And passed away to Heaven.

Another year of changes fled
And brought a bitterer day,
For pale upon his dying bed
My precious Father lay;
He died amid triumphant hopes
Of heavenly rest and joy,
And left me in a heartless world
A weeping orphan boy.

These are the four who softly sleep
Upon the quiet hill,
And who shall sleep for many a year
So solemnly and still!
I stood beside their grassy graves
Just at the death of day,
And could not, if I would, repress
My tear-drops and my lay.

'T is well to think of those we love
Who slumber in the tomb,
For in the precepts of the grave
There's something more than gloom:
They fall upon the honest heart
Like evening's blessed dew,
And if you read my verse aright
Be sure 't will profit you.

A. G. C.



The Bobolink.

HERE, my little friends we have a picture of the Bobolink, as he is called in the northern and eastern states; in Pennsylvania and the southern states he goes by the name of the Rice and Reed Bird.

The arrival of the Bobolink is the sure harbinger of approaching summer. He is welcomed by old and young. The plowman stops his team to listen to its first song, and the school-boy lingers by the road-side to catch a glimpse of a long absent favorite, and with joy beholds it soaring across the meadows, saluting his ears with the full melody of its voice, which sounds sweeter than ever, after the cold and stormy winter that has just passed.

About the middle or latter part of May, they commence building their nest, which is fixed on the ground in a tuft of grass. The eggs are five or six, of a dull white

inclining to olive, scattered over with small spots of lilac brown.

"The song of the male," says Nuttall in his Manual of Ornithology, "continues with little interruption as long as the female is sitting, and his chant, at all times very familiar, is both singular and pleasant. Often, like the Skylark, mounted, and hovering on the wing, at a small height above the field, as he passes along from one tree top or weed to another, he utters such a jingling medley of short variable notes, so confused, rapid, and continuous, that it appears almost like the blending song of several different birds. Many of these tones are very agreeable, but they are delivered with such rapidity that the ear can scarcely separate them. The general effect, however, like all the simple efforts of nature, is good, and when several are chanting forth in the same meadow, the concert

is very cheerful, though monotonous, and somewhat quaint. Among the few phrases that can be distinguished, the liquid sound of *Bob-o-lee*, or *Bob-o-link*, *Bob-o-lirke*, is very distinct. To give an idea of the variable extent of song, and even an imitation, in some measure, of the chromatic period and air of this familiar and rather favorite resident, the boys of New England make him spout, among others, the following ludicrous dunning phrase, as he rises and hovers on the wing near his mate: '*Bob-o-link, 'Bob-o-link, 'Tom Denny, 'Tom Denny.—'Come-pay-me-the-two-and-six-pence-you've-owed-more-than-a-year-and-a-half-ago!—'tshe 'tshe 'tshe, 'tsh 'tsh 'tshe,*' modestly diving at the same instant down into the grass as if to avoid altercation. However childish this odd phrase may appear, it is quite amusing to find how near it approaches to the time, and expression of the notes, when pronounced in a hurried manner."

The color of the male, when in full song, is black, with patches of white on his wings and back. In this dress he is sometimes called the "Skunk" Blackbird, as his colors very much resemble that animal. The latter part of July, or first of August, he loses his song, and exchanges his colors of black and white for one of yellowish brown, when he appears like altogether a different species, and is not easily distinguished from the females and young birds. At this season of the year they congregate in large flocks, and do great damage to the oat-fields, to the constant annoyance of the farmer; but, the first cold nights, they disappear for the south, where they find a plenty of their favorite food in the rice field, and along the reedy shores of the

Schuykill and Delaware rivers. They there become very fat, and are eagerly sought after, and killed in great numbers, by the sportsmen, and sold in the markets of the southern cities, where their flesh is esteemed very highly.

"There is a Difference."

FROM THE DANISH OF HANS C. ANDERSON.

IT was in the month of May: the wind blew quite cool, but spring was come; the bushes and trees, the gardens and fields alike proclaimed that.

There was a profusion of flowers everywhere, even on the hedges, and thus the spring plainly spoke for itself; but especially from a small apple-tree, which had but a single branch, so fresh, so blooming, and covered with the finest rose-red blossoms, just at the point of opening. It knew very well how beautiful it was; that was evident in every leaf; and hence it was not at all surprised when a lordly carriage stopped by the roadside, and when the young Countess said, "This branch is the most beautiful which has ever been seen. It is spring itself, in its fairest manifestations."

So the branch was broken off, and she carried it in her soft hand and screened it with her silk parasol as she drove to the castle, where there were high halls and stately chambers; clean white curtains fluttered before the open windows, and beautiful flowers stood in lustrous transparent vases; in one of which, (it looked as if it were cut out of fresh-fallen snow,) the apple blossom branch was placed among young and sweet flowers. It was quite a treat to see it.

And then was the branch so proud — but that was just like human nature!

Soon there came people of different sorts through the chamber, and those who could do so ventured to express their admiration. One saw nothing at all in it, and another saw too much; until the apple branch perceived that there were differences between men as among plants. "Some are for show and others for use, and there are even some who would not be missed," thought the branch, who was now placed at the open window, where he could look into the garden, and also into the fields. There were plants and flowers enough for him to contemplate and to reflect upon; there were the rich and the poor — some were, indeed, very poor. "Poor banished plants!" said the apple branch; "there does, indeed, exist a difference! how unhappy you must feel, if, indeed, your class can at all feel, as I and my companions can — there is indeed, a difference made, but that is quite right, since all cannot be equal." And the apple branch looked with a significant pity, particularly on a class of flowers which grew in great plenty in the fields and hedges. "No one binds you together for nosegays — you are too common; any one can find you, shooting up between the paving stones, like the noxious weeds; and, besides, you have such an ugly name, — Dandelion." "Poor despised things," said the apple branch, "you cannot help it that you are what you are — that you are so common, and have such a reputation. For it is with plants as with men — differences must exist."

"A difference," said the Sunbeam, as he kissed the apple branch, but also kissed the yellow dandelions outside in

the field, while at the same moment the Sunbeams' brothers kissed them — the poor as well as the rich.

The apple branch had never pondered over the infinite love of the dear Lord for every thing which lives and moves. He had never once reflected how much beauty and goodness may be concealed, but yet is not forgotten. But this was just like human nature too.

The Sunbeam, the ray of heavenly light, knew better. "Thou canst not see far: thou canst not see aright! Which is the banished plant thou pitiest so? "The Dandelion," said the blossom branch; "no one gathers them for nosegays; people trample them down; there are too many of them; and when they cast their seed, it flies about here and there like short cut wool, and hangs on people's clothes. It is only a weed, but that it cannot help. I am only thankful that I am not such a thing."

Just at this moment there came into the field a whole troop of children; the least of them were so *very, very* little, that it had to be carried in the arms of another: and as it was placed on the grass among the yellow flowers it laughed for joy, stretched its little limbs out, and rolled about, plucking the yellow blooms and kissing them in sweet innocence. The bigger children broke the flowers from the green stem and bent their stems, end to end, together, until they formed a complete chain, which they hung over their necks, and shoulders and round the body. There was, indeed a splendid show of green rings and chains. But the biggest children carried cautiously the plants which had flowered by the stem, which bore the feathery seed

crown—those light airy wool-blossoms which so resemble a little work of art, composed of finest feathers, flocks, and down, and then held them to their mouths, and with a breath blew them away. "Whoever could do it completely would have new clothes before the year was out," so the Grandmother said.

The despised flower was a true prophet on that occasion.

"Dost thou see," said the Sunbeam, "its beauty and its charm?"

"Yes, for children," said the Apple-branch.

Then there came out into the field an old woman, and began to grub with her blunt knife, without a handle, at the roots of the dandelions, and to pick them up; some of the roots she could make tea from, and others she could sell to the chemist for medicine.

"Beauty is yet more esteemed," said the Apple-branch. "Only the elect may enter the kingdom of the Beautiful. There is a difference between plants as there is among men."

Then the Sunbeam spoke of the infinite love of God for all his creatures, and of the equal distribution of all in time and eternity.

"Yes, that may be your opinion," said the Apple-branch.

At this moment the Countess came into the room, who had placed the Apple-branch so nicely in the crystal vase, where the sunbeams shone, carrying a flower, or whatever it was, concealed under three or four large leaves, and wrapped round with paper, so that no breath of wind could injure it. The Apple-branch even had never been treated so carefully! Whatever could it be?

Very tenderly were the large leaves removed; and lo! the fine downy seed-crown of the despised Dandelion appeared. After all it was *this* which the Countess so cautiously had picked and so gently carried, lest a single feather-pillar should be blown away, which composed its cloud-figure. Fortunately it had remained in good condition and quite perfect so that the Countess could not help admiring its lovely form and airy figure, its peculiar composition and its beauty, which the wind could so soon destroy. "Only look," said she, "how wonderfully God has made it! I will paint it together with the Apple-blossom, which every one admires so much; but yet this poor flower has received quite as much from the loving God, although in another style. There is a great difference between them, but both are children of the kingdom of Beauty."

And the Sunbeam kissed the poor flower, and at the same instant kissed the Apple-blossom branch, whose leaves in consequence were seen to blush.

Home Scene.

FOR THE YOUTH'S CASKET, BY MRS. H. E. A.

Come, gather, children, round the hearth,
And hush your tones of glee;
The hours are past for noisy mirth;
Come all, and sit with me.

And Susan may her gloves repair,
And crimp a ruff for Will;
And Charlie, with his wonted care,
Yon lamp-light's vase shall fill:

And Charlotte will her net complete,
With bright hued worsteds proud;

While Edward finds, by me, a seat,
And reads this tale aloud.

The fire is clear, the lamps are bright;
Though plain our home may be,
You scarce can find a group, to-night,
More richly blest than we.

Editor's Table.

The first Half-Year.

WITH the present number, closes the first half-year of the YOUTH'S CASKET. During that time, we have quite realized the anticipations with which we commenced the enterprise, and have faithfully endeavored to fulfill all promises made at the outset, and to send our friends and patrons as good as we gave them reason to expect; and we trust that the next six months will bear equal, if not more emphatic witness to the integrity of our purpose, and the faithfulness of our endeavors, to send a *good fifty cents worth*, in exchange for their ever-welcome favors.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The Enigma sent us by "P. G. S." is very well, only that it does not commence quite as it should, and has no answer accompanying it. Those who send us enigmas must *always* send the answer with the enigma. Our friend "J. H. J." sends us a very ingenious little invention of his own (as we suppose,) which he calls an enigma, but which is so different from all other enigmas that we fear it would be useless for any one to try their skill at it, and so we shall wait for something further and more in accordance with established forms in such matters, from our correspondent. We have just received an enigma from "Hattie," which will appear in our next.

ENIGMA NO. XIV.

I am composed of 16 letters. My 1, 2, 3, is a boy's nickname. My 2, 5, 10, 14, is a title of nobility. My 2, 10, 15, 2, is the name of a lake in North America. My 7, 8, 13, is an article used in printing. My 6, 5, 15, 12, is the name of a street in Buffalo. My 5, 7, 10, is something that we could not live without. My whole is the name of a great printer. JOHN M. TAFF.

ENIGMA NO. XV.

I am composed of 26 letters. My 13, 15, 18, 18, was a distinguished Swiss peasant. My 14, 21, 7, 26, 1, 14, 15, 3, was an eminent English astronomer. My 14, 2, 18, 15, was a Roman emperor of great cruelty. My 10, 25, 16, 21, 18, 17, was an Italian painter. My 10, 13, 14, 21, 25, 20, was the ancient residence of many of the Greek classical writers. My 12, 15, 4, 19, was a celebrated doctor. My 26, 15, 18, 21, 25, 23, 13, 21, is crystallized sulphate of lime, or plaster of Paris. My 22, 10, 13, 15, 26, was a distinguished general. My 5, 21, 12, 19, 4, 8, 2, 25, 19, was a king of Spain. My whole is a state in North America. ISABELLA W.

ENIGMA NO. XVI.

I am composed of 12 letters. My 7, 9, 11, is a weight. My 1, 5, 11, is a favorite bird. My 8, 2, 7, is an article of dress. My 7, 5, 11, is a number. My 11, 2, 5, is a destructive animal. My 9, 2, 12, is used in propelling boats. My 1, 2, 6, is a species of food for horses. My 7, 2, 3, is used in the construction of ships. My 8, 2, 10, 1, is an animal, much hunted. My whole is the editor of a popular periodical. C. K. G. B.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

We have received answers to Enigmas No. VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., from "Ceola;" to Enigma No. XIII., from "Effie;" to Enigma No. VIII., from "Kinau;" and to Enigmas No. VIII. and IX. from John M. Taff.

ENIGMA NO. VIII.—Rochester.

ENIGMA NO. IX.—Oswegatchie.

ENIGMA NO. X.—Napoleon Bonaparte.

ENIGMA NO. XI.—Observatory.

ENIGMA NO. XII.—Ar.

ENIGMA NO. XIII.—Universe.